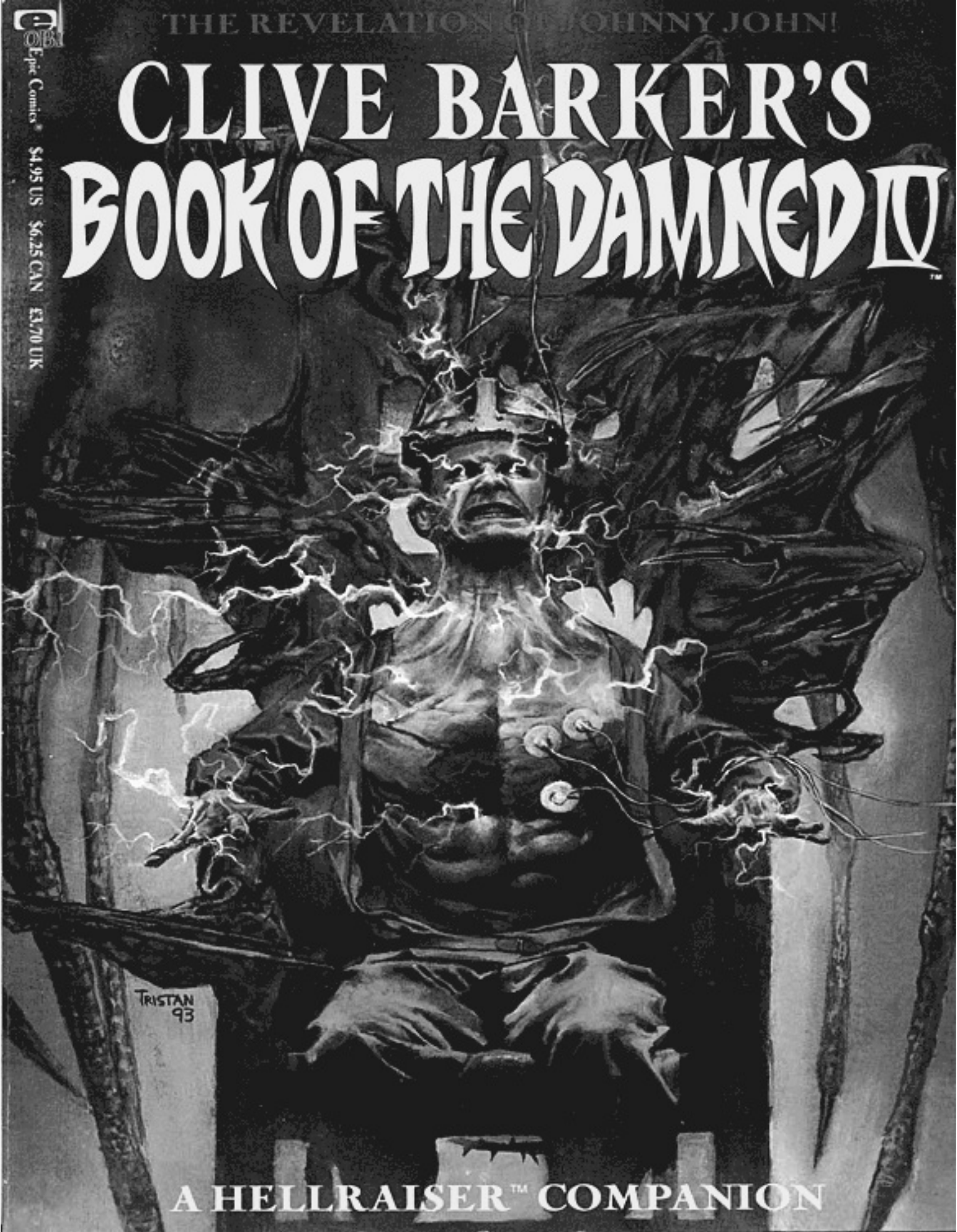
VISIT…

THE REVELATION OF JOHNNY JOHN!

CLIVE BARKER'S BOOK OF THE DAMNED IV



A HELLRAISER™ COMPANION

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CLIVE BARKER'S BOOK OF THE DAMNED: A HELLRAISER COMPANION.

Volume Four.

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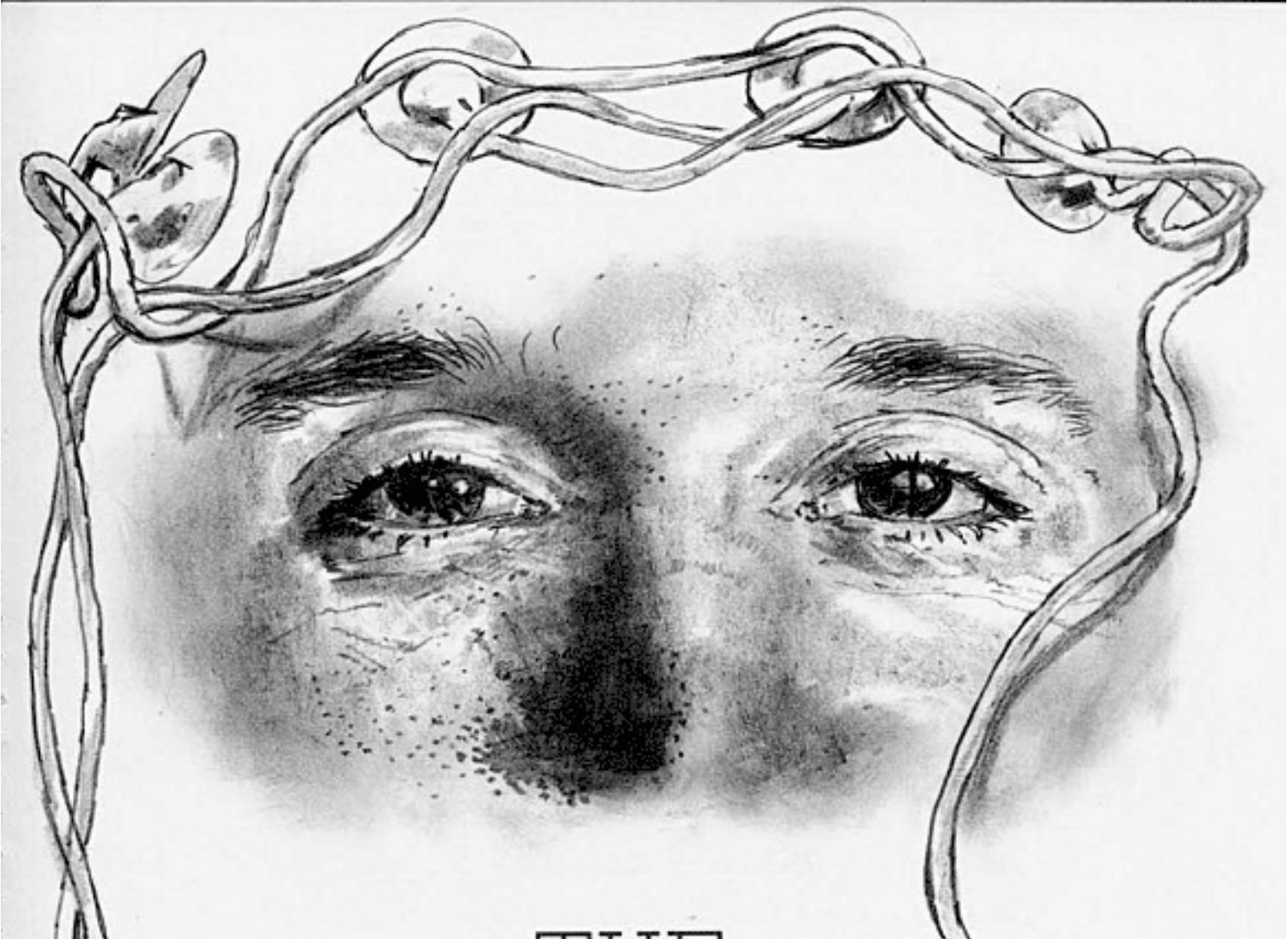


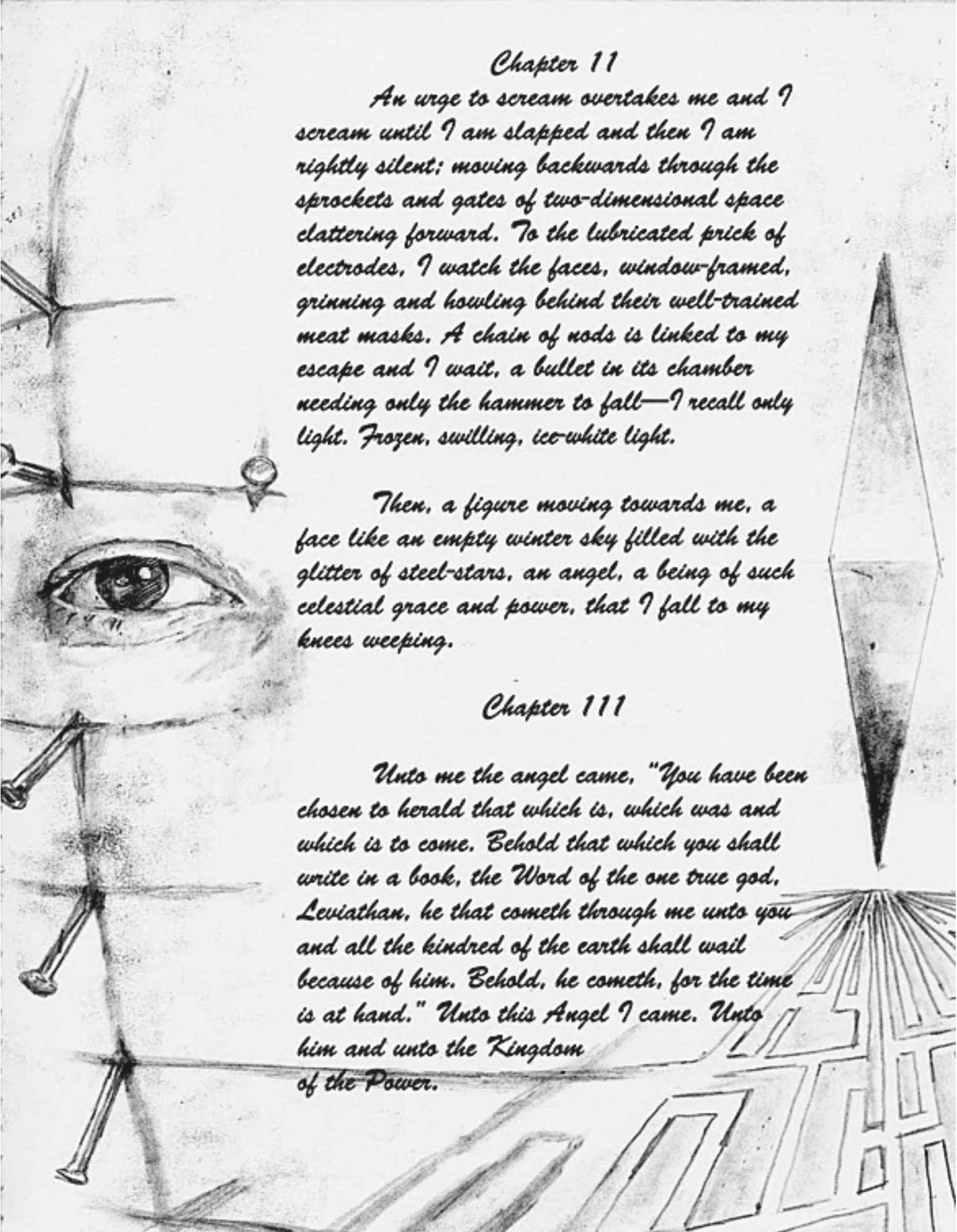
THE REVELATIONS OF JOHNNY JOHN

Chapter 1

Nine hundred and ninety days. I've been dead, waiting to die, waking every morning to a sky divided: empty squares and steel bars, the geometry of Gaol. Step back from the cage of your own life pressed tight to your face. Step back and see what I see: another inmate, another primate waiting to die. Understand that I cry for you now, not of despair but of hope; rejoice at these words for I have found our freedom, our salvation.

It is Day 999. I am prepared; fish for an emaciated faith. An electric buzz in my head and I watch bleach-blond handfuls of my life falling to the ground without a sound. I am leaving this world as I came into it. Last supper: raw leather and tubers. I will not go with the polyps of this world rotting inside me. The day dies and I listen to the Songs of the Damned echoing through this throat of concrete that has swallowed our lives.

The Millennium arrives covered with the liquid anticipation of a wet dream. There is a poppet with my escort; a disembodied head choked by a collar that is neither open nor closed. I move past and the head bows searching for forgotten lines even as the show begins. My throne is wood and as I write this I imagine a thousand years between a simple chair and a splinter kept in a sepulcher or in a locket worn on the pale throat of a virgin. I submit to the comforting embrace of buckled black leather, leaning to kiss a whiskered cheek that pulls forever away.



Chapter 11

An urge to scream overtakes me and I scream until I am slapped and then I am rightly silent: moving backwards through the sprockets and gates of two-dimensional space clattering forward. To the lubricated prick of electrodes, I watch the faces, window-framed, grinning and howling behind their well-trained meat masks. A chain of nods is linked to my escape and I wait, a bullet in its chamber needing only the hammer to fall—I recall only light. Frozen, swilling, ice-white light.

Then, a figure moving towards me, a face like an empty winter sky filled with the glitter of steel-stars, an angel, a being of such celestial grace and power, that I fall to my knees weeping.

Chapter 111

Unto me the angel came, "You have been chosen to herald that which is, which was and which is to come. Behold that which you shall write in a book, the Word of the one true god, Leviathan, he that cometh through me unto you and all the kindred of the earth shall wail because of him. Behold, he cometh, for the time is at hand." Unto this Angel I came. Unto him and unto the Kingdom of the Power.

Chapter IV

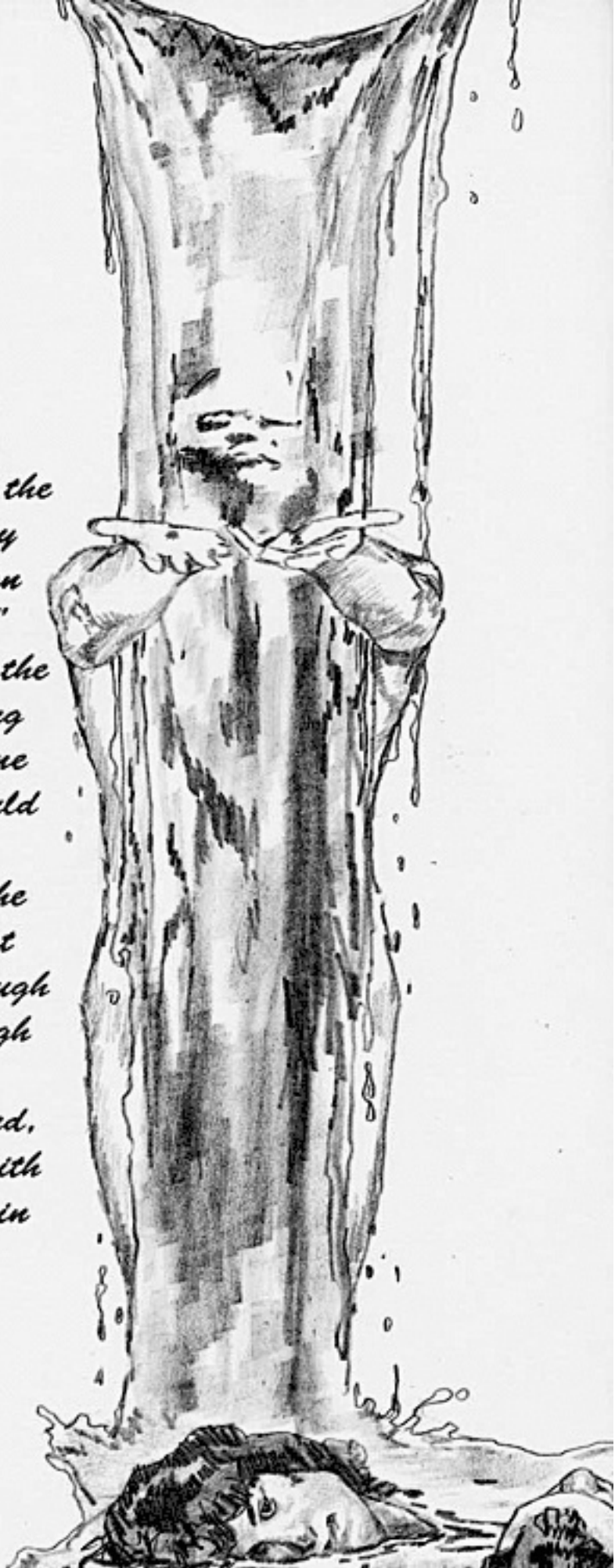
Flight. Speed-tears blistered my lidless eyes. Descending into a winding concrete bowel, thick with waste. I panned for images that gleam familiar. I saw hair flowing from featurelessness parted red; a widening gash exposing its glistening gray sponge. I heard a spine shucked with sickening ease, as though plucked from an over-cooked piece of steaming pork. Every breath I took was filled with the scent of a thousand blooming deaths. Faster, I flew. A pantina of pain pap-smeared beneath me into a red-capped seascape of agony that crashed and broke onto itself, drowning into the roar in my ears that screamed, "More!" Deeper. Hurtling. Furthering. Until suddenly I knew. I understood that the voice cresting beneath me was human. Screams from a razored slice of life, from an edge where man in unmade; these were human beings, unbeing.

Chapter V

My own fingers clawed through the white gelatin of my eyes. Such sights, such truths I could no longer stand. Tears of blood flowed from raped sockets, covering, protecting me with a quilted maroon caul. "Separate your fear from your flesh." The angel was with me always. "Then again open your eyes." Quivering, pink and hairless, I groped for the sterilized-steel of his voice. I was found and I stepped from the moist-dark of my tomb into the Light of Hell.

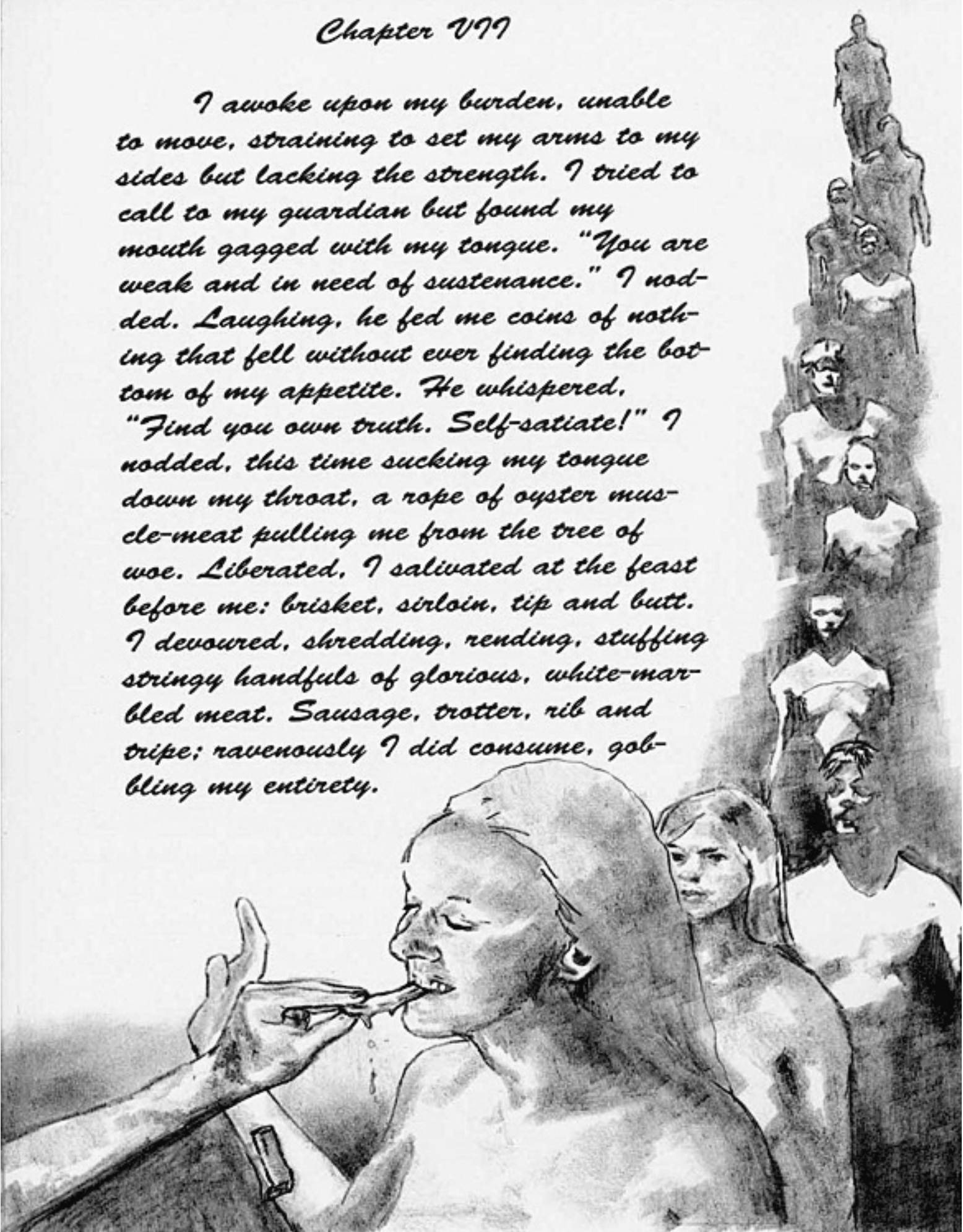
Chapter VI

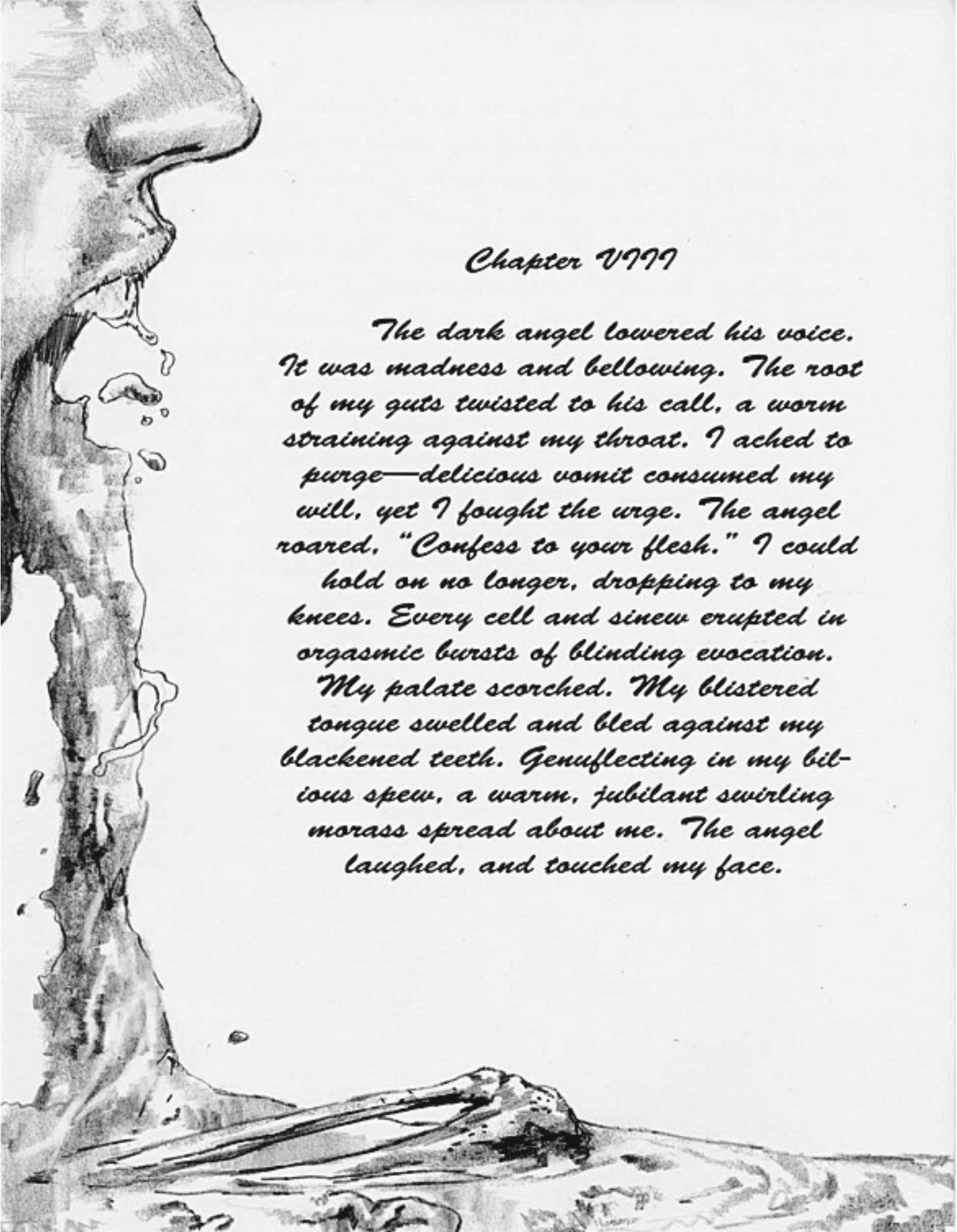
Naked, I waded out into a stream; its warm red current ran around my legs. I continued out, the river flowing like wine between my thighs. The angel put his hands on my shoulders. "Cleanse yourself." Forcing me down, I slid beneath the surface. I held my breath, floating in wombless amnion until I became dizzy. I tried to stand but he would not let me. Thrashing, helpless hands broke the surface, feeling the air. The burning in my chest burst from my mouth, bubbling up through space; weightless life rising through my liquid shroud. Hell's artery poured into my mouth as I inhaled, gulping, filling empty lung-sac with salt and iron; naked, I drowned in a river of blood.



Chapter VII

I awoke upon my burden, unable to move, straining to set my arms to my sides but lacking the strength. I tried to call to my guardian but found my mouth gagged with my tongue. "You are weak and in need of sustenance." I nodded. Laughing, he fed me coins of nothing that fell without ever finding the bottom of my appetite. He whispered, "Find you own truth. Self-satiate!" I nodded, this time sucking my tongue down my throat, a rope of oyster muscle-meat pulling me from the tree of woe. Liberated, I salivated at the feast before me: brisket, sirloin, tip and butt. I devoured, shredding, rending, stuffing stringy handfuls of glorious, white-marbled meat. Sausage, trotter, rib and tripe; ravenously I did consume, gobbling my entirety.





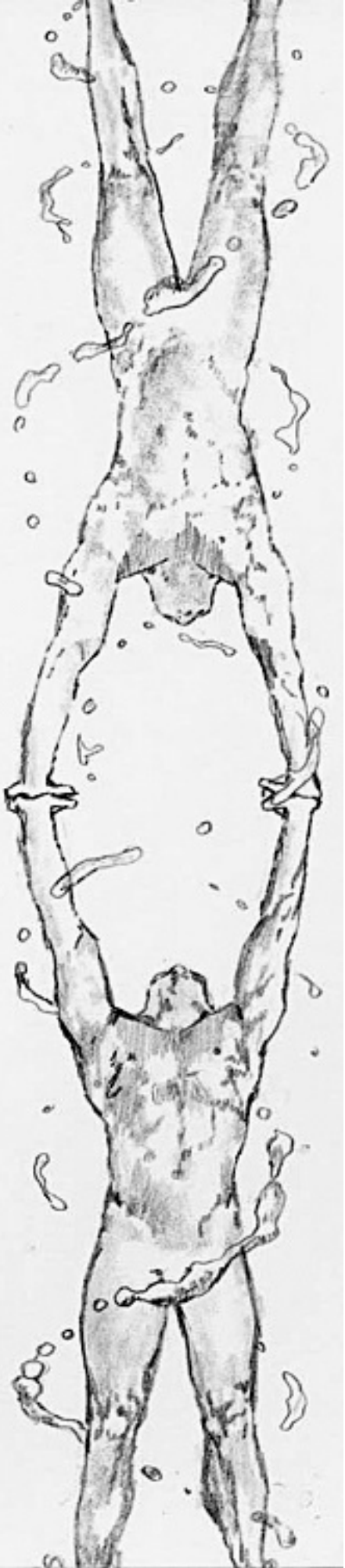
Chapter VIII

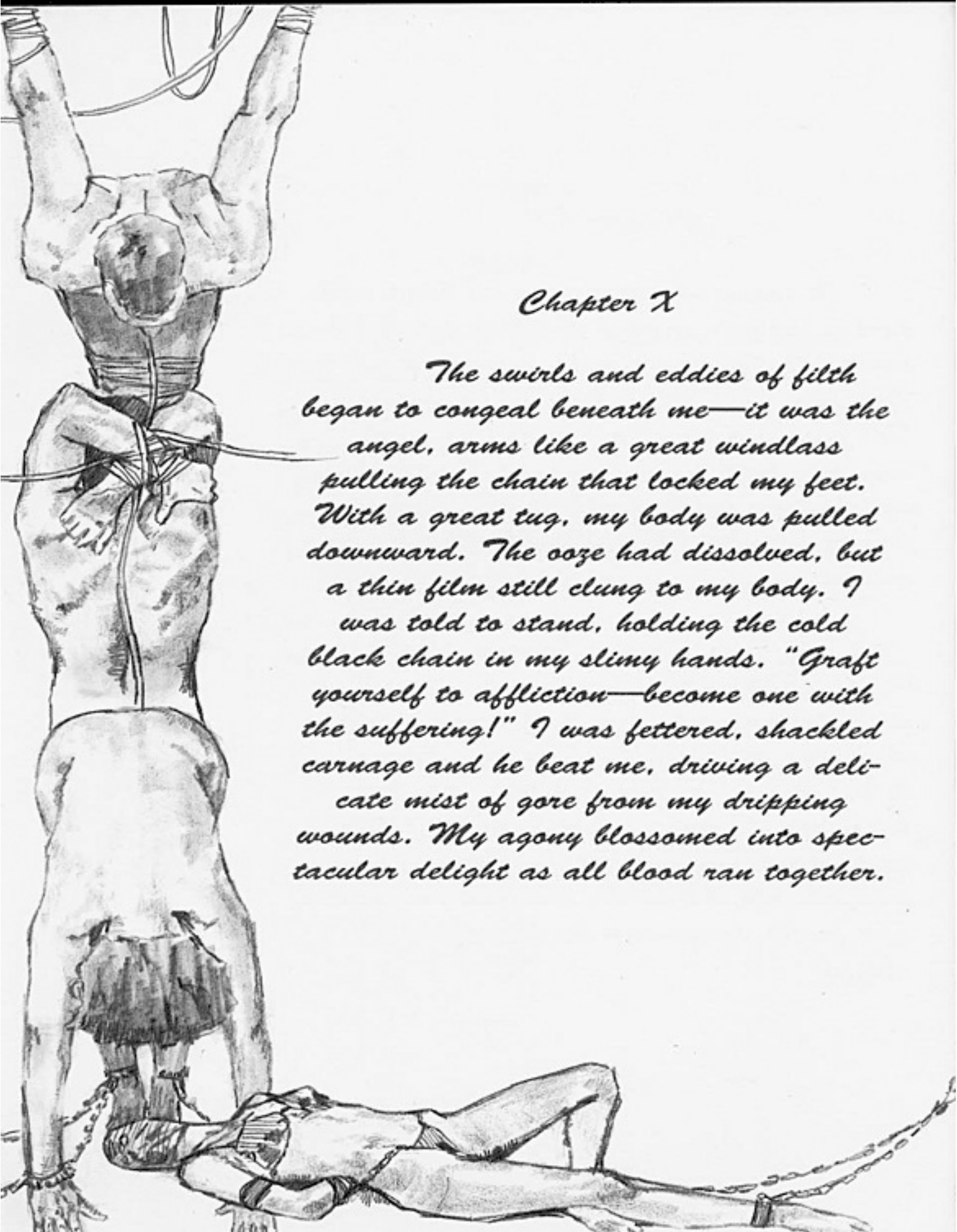
The dark angel lowered his voice. It was madness and bellowing. The root of my guts twisted to his call, a worm straining against my throat. I ached to purge—delicious vomit consumed my will, yet I fought the urge. The angel roared, "Confess to your flesh." I could hold on no longer, dropping to my knees. Every cell and sinew erupted in orgasmic bursts of blinding evocation. My palate scorched. My blistered tongue swelled and bled against my blackened teeth. Genuflecting in my bilious spew, a warm, jubilant swirling morass spread about me. The angel laughed, and touched my face.

Chapter IX

It raised me high over its head and hurled me into a deep and vile ocean. I sank into the putrid tide, consumed. My eyes were blinded by stinging bile. The ooze licked my sides and pressed my flesh with warm wetness. I began to see floating in the haze the husks of all former lives cracked open like dead crickets.

The angel's voice boomed in my head, "Remember your true name!" I was slapped with a bolt of burning pain that soon melted into sheer joy. Ahead in the murk was my destitute, twisted reflection. I grasped for it, but it withered and dissolved into the fluid, washed into the murk, dragged faster and faster downward by heavy ankle chains.



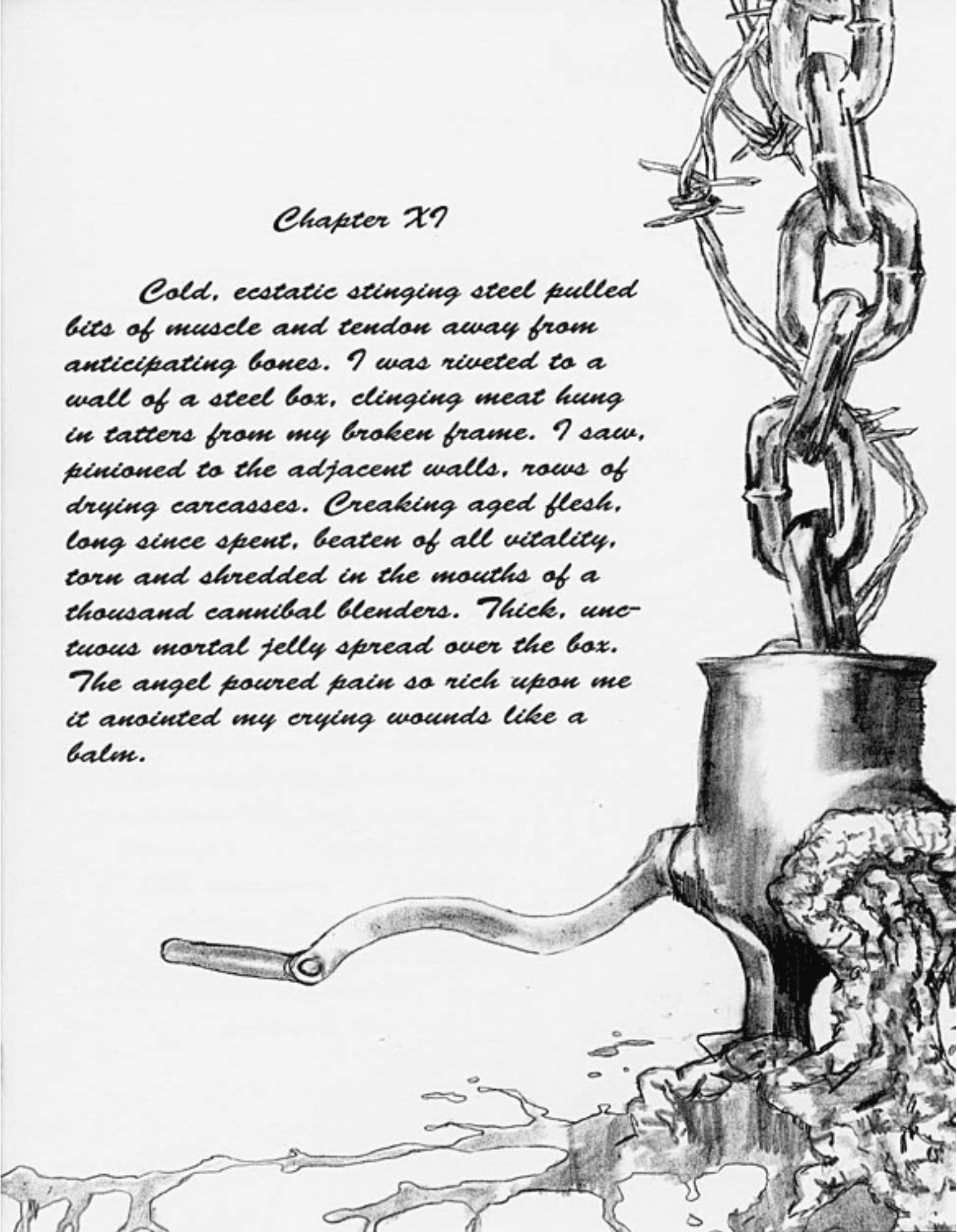


Chapter X

The swirls and eddies of filth began to congeal beneath me—it was the angel, arms like a great windlass pulling the chain that locked my feet. With a great tug, my body was pulled downward. The ooze had dissolved, but a thin film still clung to my body. I was told to stand, holding the cold black chain in my slimy hands. "Graft yourself to affliction—become one with the suffering!" I was fettered, shackled carnage and he beat me, driving a delicate mist of gore from my dripping wounds. My agony blossomed into spectacular delight as all blood ran together.

Chapter XI

Cold, ecstatic stinging steel pulled bits of muscle and tendon away from anticipating bones. I was riveted to a wall of a steel box, clinging meat hung in tatters from my broken frame. I saw, pinioned to the adjacent walls, rows of drying carcasses. Creaking aged flesh, long since spent, beaten of all vitality, torn and shredded in the mouths of a thousand cannibal blenders. Thick, unctuous mortal jelly spread over the box. The angel poured pain so rich upon me it anointed my crying wounds like a balm.

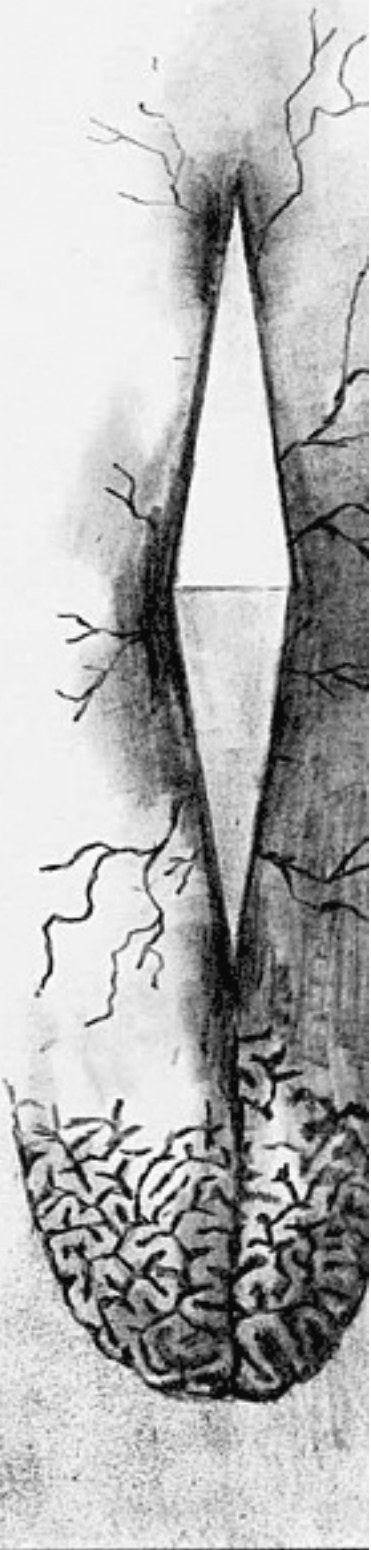


Chapter XII

The angel reached out and tore me from my fastenings. I fell tumbling, gushing blood. The angel wrenched my body again, impaling me on spikes. Hands dug under my skin, ripping off the last shreds. Each gully torn, each wound layed open turned my mind like the boring of a screw. The angel split open my skull. My viscera hung, defeated. Reflections of screams and silhouettes of pain arranged in opened, fractalled corridors that I would eternally wander. The angel laughed, "Flesh is the end. The wound is the power, the passage."

Chapter XIII

Humid pain clung thick, delicious. Senses grew heavy, overloaded. Misery and suffering whorled about each other, without start or relief. Pure raw nerve burst in a neon bouquet, and all was a kaleidoscope of blood and pleasure funnelling into a vortex of chaos coalescing; its hard edges sharpening, the fine intricacies of its surface, like tattooed lace becoming exact. Leviathan arose, spinning in geometric agony. I was whole again.



Chapter XIV

Before me, my reflection hung suspended in the vertical abyss of Leviathan. I reached forward to touch the face of god but it was he that touched me.

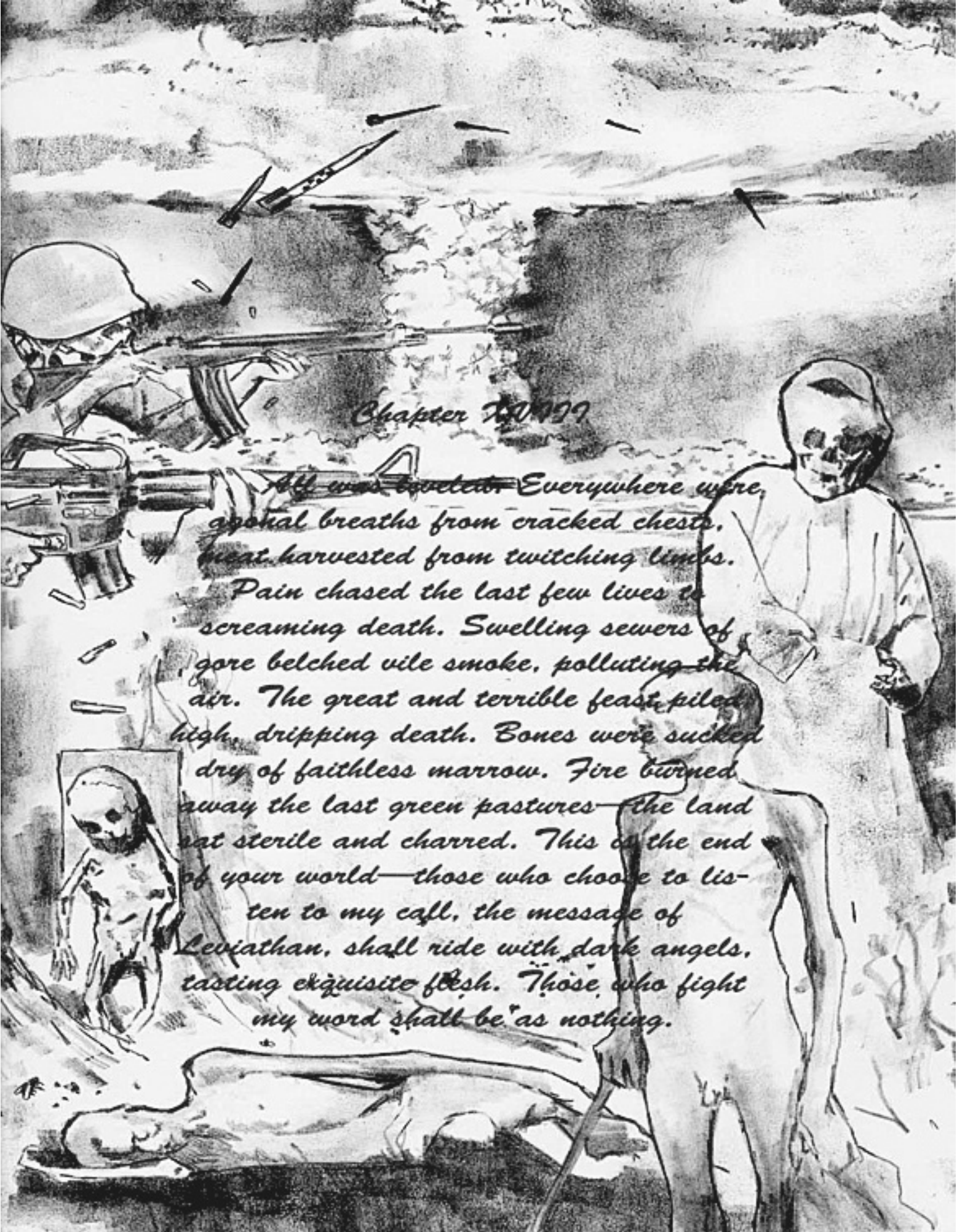
Chapter XV

Silence.

Chapter XVI

A mote. I emerged from the
mind's eye of god; yet still his chosen.
Listen for I come to bear witness to that
which is and which is to come.

Chapter X'VII
Behold! The world you live in—a crawling retreat of falsehoods called your daily bread. Doom fell upon all flesh, a thick cloud, black and rolling—the sleeping torn and thrown to demise. Leagues of angels, fierce, swarming, and hungry for ripe flesh blanketed the land. The army, dark and terrible, thundered forth on the backs of human steeds. Great cities toppled, ignorant victims floating like swollen fish, plump and easy. The few faithful, patiently awaiting the call, struck in unison, tearing the throats of their blind neighbors. The web of misery ensnared the unwary—Leviathan's will drove the destruction.


Chapter XVIII
All was quiet. Everywhere were agonal breaths from cracked chests, meat harvested from twitching limbs. Pain chased the last few lives to screaming death. Swelling sewers of gore belched vile smoke, polluting the air. The great and terrible feast piled high, dripping death. Bones were sucked dry of faithless marrow. Fire burned away the last green pastures—the land sat sterile and charred. This is the end of your world—those who choose to listen to my call, the message of Leviathan, shall ride with dark angels, tasting exquisite flesh. Those who fight my word shall be as nothing.

Chapter XIX

Leviathan's promise becomes manifest. A perfect temple, built from the flayed carcasses of our destroyed enemies rises amidst the world. An aqueduct of flesh and blood opens flowing deep and hot within the great structure. We shall bathe and drink from the wellspring of Leviathan.

Chapter XX

Know that what I have written here is truth, fabricated from the word of he that shall pass judgement on us all. Cast these truths in the flesh and bone of your own image and set them before your lives as the key to your emancipation. This is the dawn of the new age. The god is present that has always been present. Rejoice for his time has come, but heed well the prophecy herein for those who do not glory in him, who do not sing his praise. Woe, woe unto his enemies and their false gods for it is they who shall seek death and shall not find it; they shall desire to die but death shall flee from them. Thanks, word be, amen, and even so.

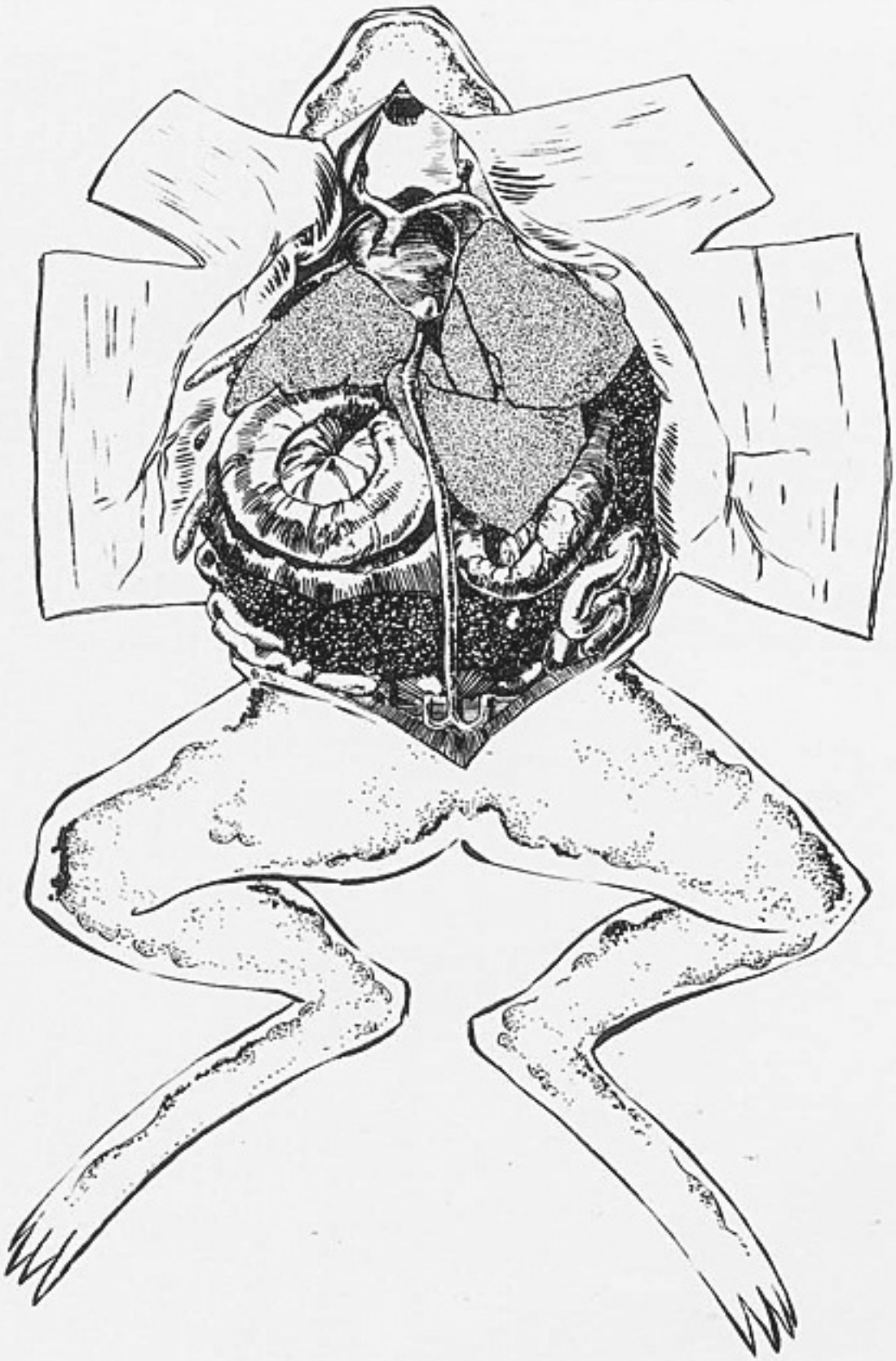
JOHNNY JOHN: PROPHET OR MADMAN?

There is an island of white rock jutting from the Aegean Sea like a broken tooth that is called Patmos. Persecuted for his religious beliefs by the ancient Romans, a man was exiled to Patmos, where he was visited by an angel and instructed to write the visions that he beheld in a book. Today, the island is a holy place and the book, The Revelation of John is considered by some to be the most important book of the New Testament. Yet we know almost nothing about this man. Was he really visited by an angel or was his brain perhaps baked by the Mediterranean sun? We will never know.

Almost two thousand years later we have been given a new Revelation, a new Apocalypse, but this time we find ourselves able to look for the answer to the question, "Who was Johnny John?"

CHEMLAWNS AND MS. MCGEE'S FROGS

In a Northshore suburb of Chicago, Illinois where tree-lined streets wind without direction through emerald green lawns, there is a house of plywood windows that is for sale. It has been "For Sale" for two years and though it is priced well below its market value, real-estate agents fear it may never sell. It is the home where Johnathan Glynn grew up; a man that since his death has been called the Last Prophet, a man that while alive was convicted of one of the most cold-blooded crimes of our time. Yet while he lived here, in this suburban single-family house, he was a boy like any other boy.



"He wasn't a bad kid," recalls Ms. Pare, a neighbor. "He was quiet. Intelligent. One thing about him though that I remember, he liked to jump off of things. He was always climbing up trees, or garages and jumping. He always had scabs on his knees and his palms but he didn't care. I think he just liked to fall."

He passed through Kellogg Grammar School almost without a trace. "I remember him," says Ms. McGee the school's Librarian of almost forty years. "He sat in the corner near the encyclopedia's. He was obsessed with World Book, the letter "F." It was the frog dissection, with the layered transparencies. Now, I can't say for sure, not for sure, so I won't, but the fact is that someone stole them, tore them right out. You can look for yourself. The pages are still gone."

Like many children raised Catholic, he attended CCD classes. When it came time for his Confirmation, he was asked by Sister Mary Cecelia what name he was going to choose, "He looked up at me and with complete innocence said, 'John.' I told him he was supposed to choose another name and he said, 'I don't want another name. My name is John."

It was during those formative, often difficult years in High School that the man who called himself Johnny John began to emerge.

"He liked music. Loud music," recalls Chris Blasingame, a fellow student. "He always had a Walkman on. Always. If a teacher confiscated it, he would go to his locker and pull out another one."

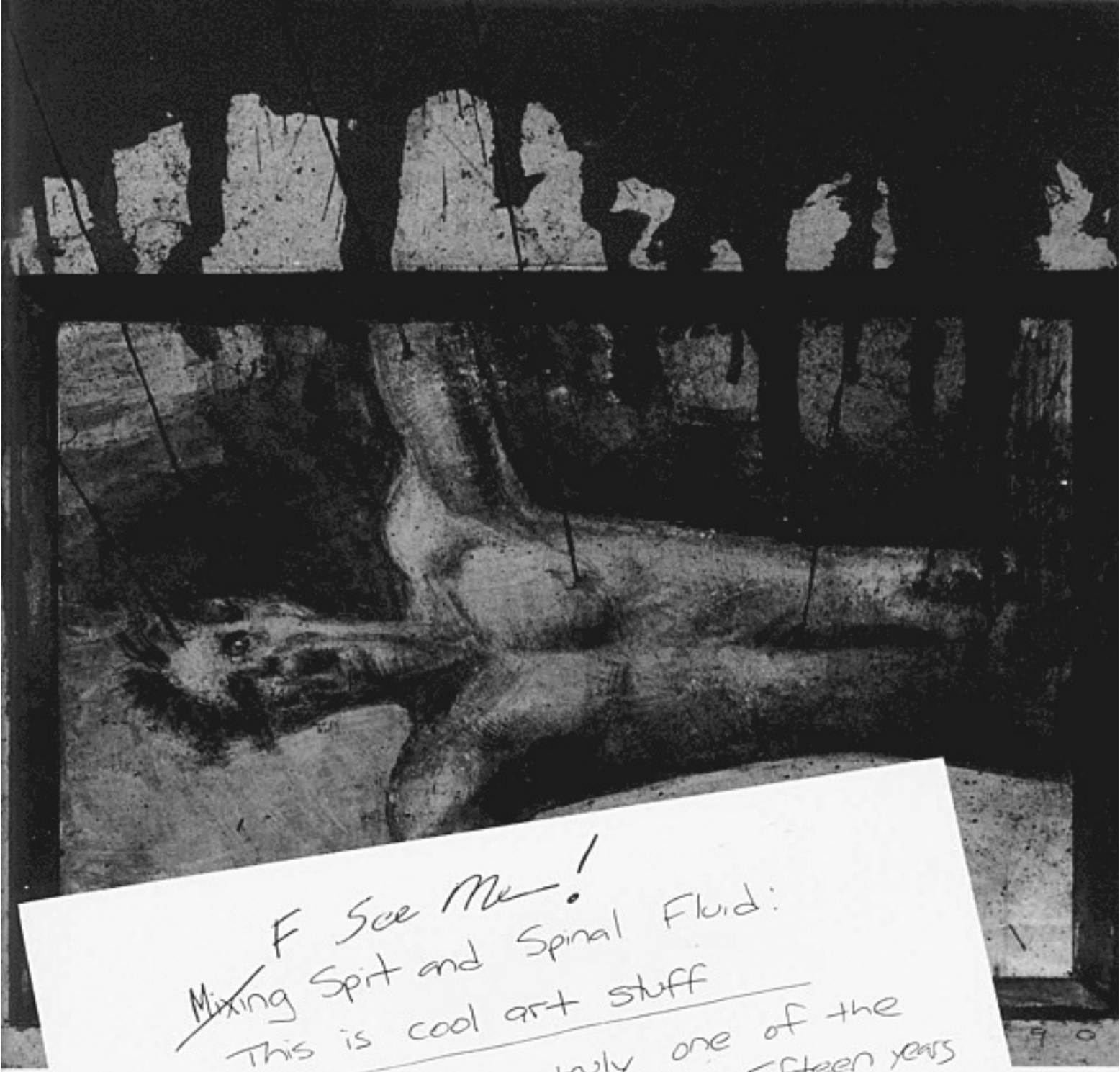
A term paper was assigned in his high-school music class that called for an analysis of any "great composer." Johnathan wrote about a band called ENBOMBED and their latest album entitled, "Ashes to Ashes;" "...and it is that spirit of Mozart, that velocity of Wagner that is still alive today in the grinding bass-line and electric whine of Enbombed." When the paper was given an "F" he started cutting class.

One of the more revealing pieces of this time was a painting that he produced his Junior year in Art class, a remarkable work called, "Zitjaculation!"

JOHNNY: UNLEASHED IN THE EAST

Johnny John, now 18 and starting to feel the beginnings of his dark life's work calling like a distant wolf, left home to attend New York University to study Art. John soon established his reputation among fellow students and faculty for his shocking behavior which usually did more to raise a few eyebrows than his GPA.

"I can remember the first time Johnny came into class," says Jennifer Weymouth, former fellow classmate. "He seemed so extreme, kind of sexy, too. He'd just sit in back of art history class with these scary dark sunglasses on. He never took any notes. Then one day he just raised his hand and asked the professor, 'Does Rembrandt give you a hard on?' I mean, what's that supposed to prove? That guy was really strange."



F See Me!

~~Mixing~~ Spit and Spinal Fluid:

This is cool art stuff

Max Screamer is truly one of the new revivalists refusing definition. Fifteen years ago, this would have been called pornography, but now, this is starting to erode the common conceptions of what is legitimate.

Compared to the majority of standard art canon, we can clearly see how this artist takes up the burning torch of modern [illegible] carried by Francis Bacon.

CRY TO HEAVEN
TRISTAN
'93
COCCYX

coccyx

John grew tired of shocking academia and went after the bigger game--he wanted all that the seedy New York underbelly could give him.

Johnny knew the New York music scene was perfect ground to hunt down his burning desire for admiration, alcohol and promiscuity. He joined forces with former members of a local heavy metal band, Acid Fast, and Johnny had his vehicle for carnal excess, called Coccyx.

Johnny and his band, once described by the Village Voice as "a vicious array of leather and stainless steel guitars" rocked and romped through the underground bars of lower Manhattan. Coccyx was well-known to frequent club hoppers, drawn to the shows for uncontrolled spectacles of sex and gore that were regular parts of a Coccyx show.

Pete Viper, former drummer now on probation for vehicular manslaughter, had this to say in a recent interview. "John was from another planet. The dude would shoot up, pick up a bottle, then a broad before and after each gig. You never knew what was happening one minute to the next and he always had to top what he did before. Like the one time at the Knitting Factory gig when we opened for the Dwarves, he cut big chunks of meat off his own arm and ate it. Flat-blasted all of us. Took fifty stitches to sew him back up. He was cool."

Despite the consuming, mindless, body wracking debauchery that would be a regular part of their days, Coccyx produced an album called "Cry to Heaven," for which John did the cover art.

LATEX ON A STICK

It was the longest day of the year, June 21, the orange electric night glowing beneath a wave of heat that had been suffocating Gotham for days. Coccyx was playing at a club on the East side called Crash Palace when a young woman dancing alone caught Johnny's eye. Peter Viper recalls, "I remember the second he saw her. It had to be 120 in the Palace--everyone sweating like pigs. She was wearing this rubber dress, dancing all over the place--looked like she was about to squirt right out of that thing. Johnny, he's just staring at the sweat rolling down her legs. Then, in the middle of a song, he stops, falls off the stage and crawls over to her. We're all watching as he starts licking her legs, licking the sweat off her from her ankles on up and up..."

Her name was Laura Tropp but she called herself Luna. She was a painter and she like Johnny seemed to have no limits. "Luna was everything that Johnny was looking for," says Poyo Manno who managed Coccyx for two years. "She taught him to shoot horse into the white of his eye. He loved that. She was insane. He was insane. They were happy." Luna painted a "self-portrait" and gave to Johnny on his birthday. The figure she painted had stitches traveling up the spine. On the card she wrote, "Step into me, J.J. and let me warm you up. Put me on, lover and wear me out."

DEATH AND SWORDS

During a ride back from Boston where they played a couple small clubs, Johnny and Luna sat together in the back of the dark bus. Poyo was driving. "I was watching them in the rearview mirror. They were naked but it was hard to tell which was which because they had the same body, almost anyway. I kept seeing these shiny things but it took a while to figure out what they were doing. She had this big box of safety pins and they were making long chains and pinning the ends to every part of their bodies: their noses, lips, skin, everywhere. After awhile they stopped moving, so I pulled over to take a look. They'd passed out. The whole backseat was covered with blood. It was unreal."

On Halloween, Luna went to her yearly appointment with Janet Berres a Tarot Reader. "She was late, I remember that because Samhain is always a big night and I had a party to do. But she walked in and it was her aura I think but I knew that something was wrong. Then we looked at her cards and oh, Death and the Ten of Swords. She just started crying and I started crying. We just cried. I didn't charge her."

Two weeks later, Luna completed what would be her final painting. It was a haunting, prophetic work of a man clinging to what appears to be a dead woman. A month later Laura Tropp was pronounced dead at New York City Hospital. Her autopsy showed her to be the victim of a massive cerebro-vascular accident, apparently caused by an air bubble that had been introduced intravenously.

DEPRESSION

In the months following the death of Luna, John slipped deeper and deeper into a hellish nightmare of depression that drove him to extreme measures of self-inflicted cruelty and multiple suicide attempts. His behavior became too much for even the band to handle--after several heated confrontations, Coccyx was dead.

John began a stint in performance art. In a piece called "The Burning Bush," John seared off all his body hair with a Bic lighter. Not all his work was so overwrought. Often, John would just sit in the middle of a bare stage and whisper his poetry.

RUN LIKE HELL

TEAR AWAY THE FEW LAST RAGS
OF RAGE AND LIFT LARGE ROCKS
TO CRAWL UNDER LIKE BLIND
BEETLES. SOW BUGS ARE A HIGHER
CREATURES THAN ALL YOUR MAMA'S BEST
COLLECTIBLES. YOU KNOW, THERE'S
NOT MUCH LEFT HERE. THE FLESH
GARDEN IS RUNNING DRY, DRIPPING
LIKE A SORE NOSE
INTO DIRTY LITTLE
HANDS WITH
RED NAILS.

LOUSY LIFE

A MAN ALONE
IN A COCKROACH COCKTAIL
NAILED IN BY RAPES
FOR SINS
RED PAINS IN MANLINED
MADNESS. MY MIND
IS A MESS LIKE MY
ROOM WITH NO VIEW.

SEX AND THE OTHER MAN

It was after a performance of "Lousy Life" at the Kitchen, where John would meet Horst. Horst, at that time a popular figure in the homosexual S & M circle, approached John after the show.

"He had this certain quality," says Horst, "This kind of wildness, a fierceness, that would leap out at you like a lion, and tear your face off. But still he seemed like there was a great void there, one that would be very difficult to fill. One that ached for completion. Yes. That's what he was like. I told him after the show that I could read his pain--he and I became lovers that night--lovers forever. My life, my art became consumed by him. I will never be done with him.

"John was always talking about leaving this place--not this city, or this state. I'm talking about this world, this universe. He had something to do, a mission that the rest of us can only read about. He had destiny. He was special." This painting, untitled, was one of many done by Horst, dedicated to John.

MURDER!

Boca Raton, Florida, April 15, 1989, two years since Johnny was last seen. At 1:40 PM, approximately 44 minutes after Steve Burke, owner of Quicker Discount Liquor, opened his doors that spring afternoon, a man entered. Burke recalls, "He walks over, and takes out a sixer of Schaefer from the cooler. He walks back and he's looking at me, and I'm looking at him. He walks right past me. And I say, 'Hey!' He just smiles and heads for the door. And that's when I saw the gun hanging in his other hand."

Security photographs would later identify the man as Johnathan Glynn. The squad car that responded to Burke's call eventually would be the first to arrive at Christ the King church.

For 22 years Father Quinn had heard confession at Christ the King church, but nothing could have prepared him for what he was about to hear. Father Grace was working in the rectory adjacent to the church. He was the first to hear the gunshots.

"I didn't quite know what it was." he says. "It was an odd sound, long pauses in between, as if someone were lifting a heavy object and dropping it again." He went to investigate.

The church was empty except for a lone man sitting in the front pews. "There was something strange about him. He was just sitting there, smoking a cigarette. That's when I saw Father Quinn."

Father Quinn lay dead, sprawled out on the mosaic tile. Footprints of blood and empty beer cans led to where the man sat; the man, Johnny John.

Johnny John had shot Father Quinn three times. The first bullet tore through the confessional screen into Father Quinn's left ventricle. Johnny John opened the confessional door letting the limp body fall onto the hard floor and shot him twice more in the brain.

He sat there, as the police responded to Father Graces' phone call. At 3:06 PM, Father Andrew Quinn was pronounced dead, and exactly three minutes later Johnny John was charged with his murder.

THE TRIAL

The following transcript is an excerpt taken from the sentencing of Johnny John.

STATE: Why did you go to Christ the King church that day?

JOHN: To confess.

STATE: To confess what?

JOHN: My intentions.

STATE: And what were your intentions?

JOHN: To ask a priest why I shouldn't kill him.

STATE: Any priest?

JOHN: Sure.

STATE: And when you asked Father Quinn, what did he tell you?

JOHN: Oh, he said alot. That God would punish me. That I'd burn in hell.

STATE: What happened next?

JOHN: I shot him.

STATE: Why did you shoot him?

JOHN: I didn't believe him.

STATE: After you murdered Father Quinn, what were you thinking?

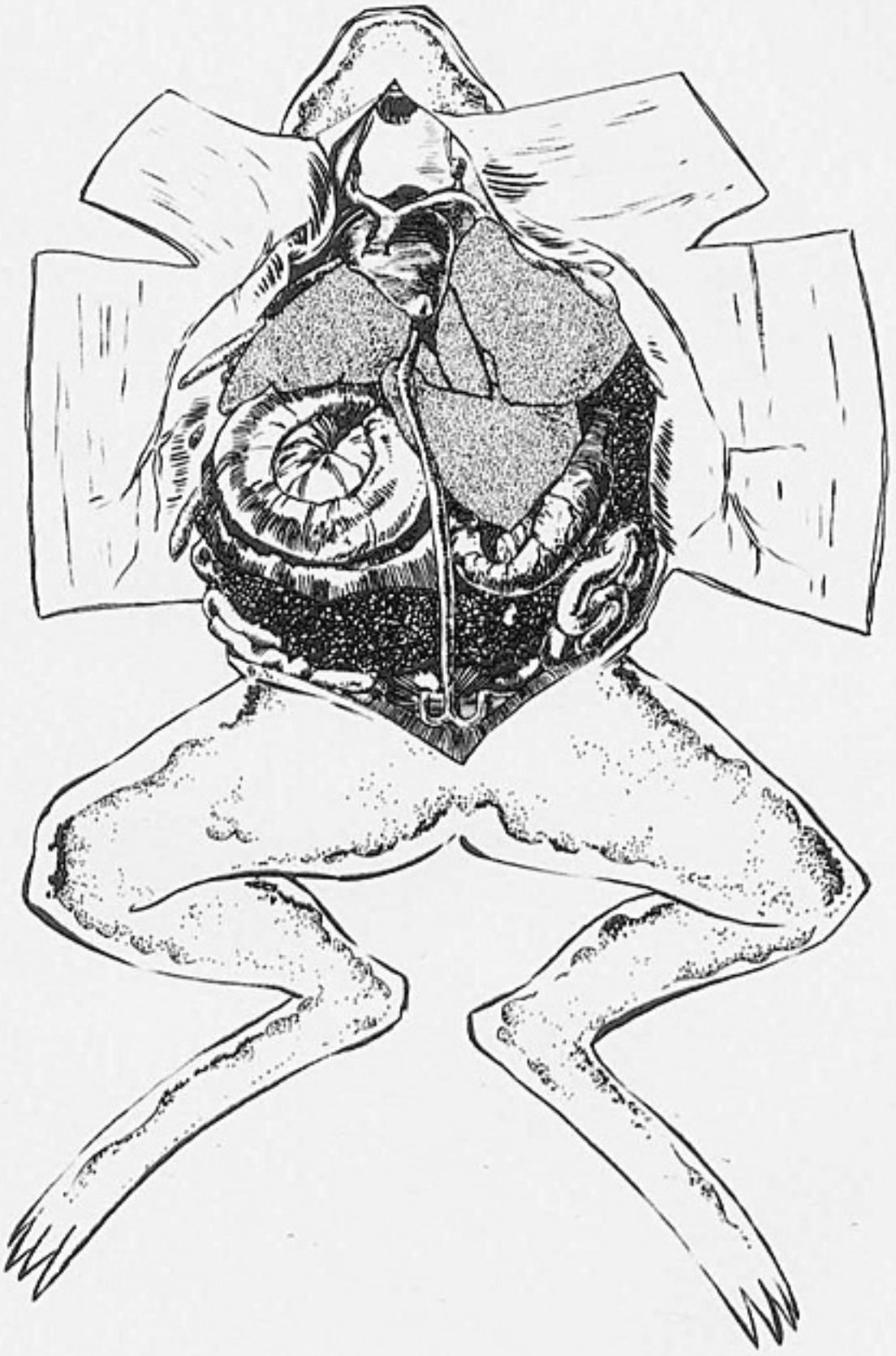
JOHN: Have you ever dissected a frog?

STATE: What?

JOHN: I'm sorry?

STATE: What happened after you murdered Father Quinn?

JOHN: I dunno. I finished my beer.



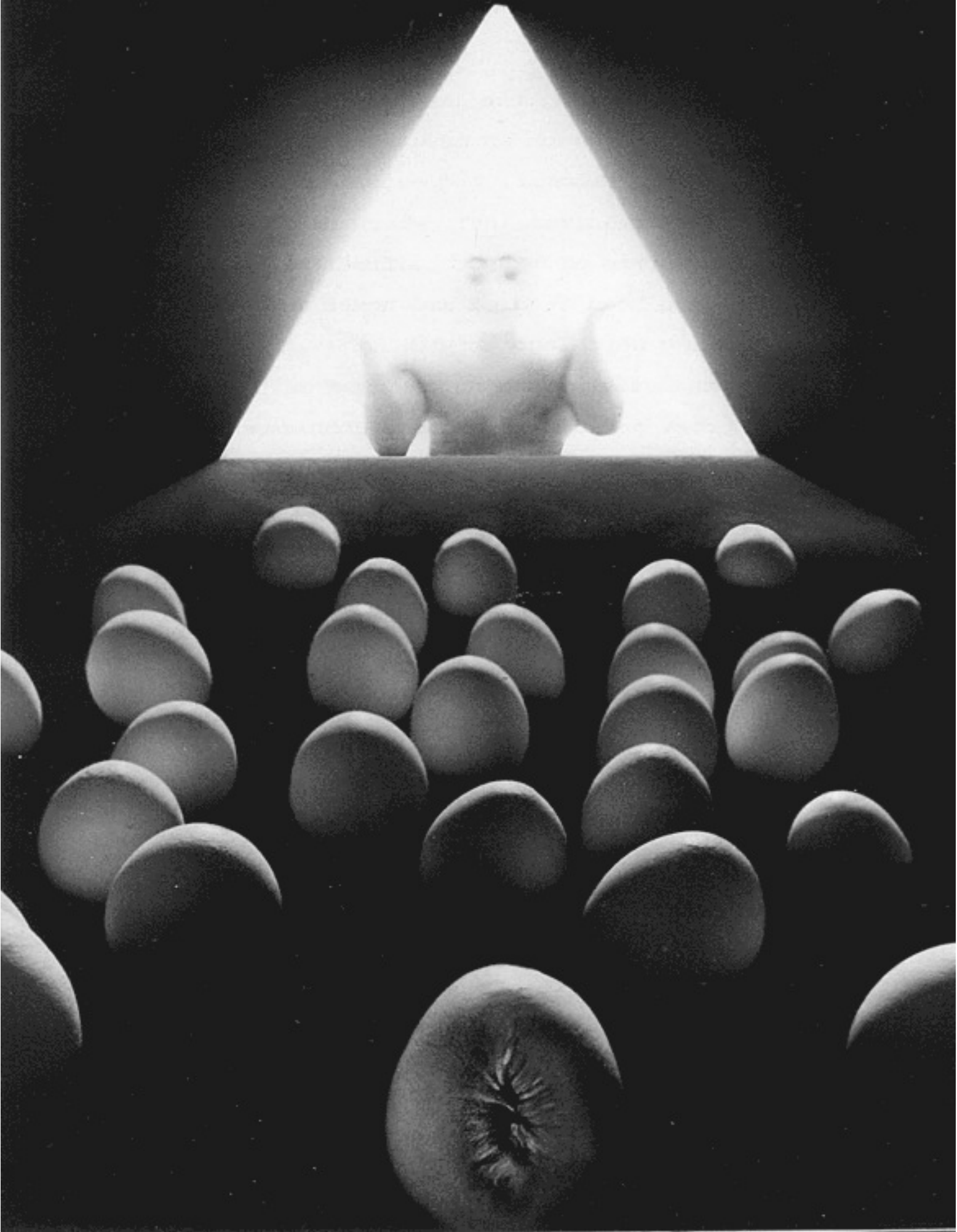
CULT OF THE FLESH

Johnathan Glynn was sentenced to die and on the 1000th day of his confinement at Florida State Maximum security prison, he was electrocuted. The story would have ended there had the book, and the strange circumstances surrounding its appearance, not been leaked to the press. Security guard Chris Wetzel was among those escorting Johnny from his cell to the chair, "There was no book when I went in to get him. It wasn't there. I checked the tape. But when I came back to clean the cell--boom--there it was."

The Revelation of Johnny John has ignited an entire religious movement. It has been called everything from "The New Way" to "The Cult of the Flesh."

Among its more renowned members is Julie Eakins, the painter and filmmaker. "You have to understand yourself before you can understand The Revelation. Self-satiate. That's what it's about; a communion with the flesh. The simplicity of that is unmistakable--this is the channeled work of a god. That's why the response is so great."

She like so many thousands of others have completely abandoned their lives to join "the Movement." This painting was her last completed work, dedicated "To J.J: the chosen one."



THE MYSTERY

There is no disputing the impact the book has had on the world; its validity is much an issue of faith as any religious document. However, the question posed by the believer to the skeptic remains: where did the book come from? Hours and hours of videotape from the camera in Johnny's cell have been studied and never once show him writing or drawing anything.

Computer analysis comparing the text of Revelations and the written lyrics or poems of Johnny John conclude that it is only 59 percent probable that he wrote Revelations. But, analysis of Johnny's art and the border art prove conclusively to be from the same hand.

Furthermore, the text of Revelations accurately predicts the events leading up to Johnny's execution. It states that he will die on the one thousandth day; his meal, steak and potatoes and that he will be escorted by a priest, "..a disembodied head choked by a collar that is neither open nor closed."

The text goes on to state, "I submit to the comforting embrace of buckled black leather, leaning to kiss a whiskered cheek that pulls forever away." Johnny John, while being strapped in the electric chair tried to kiss one of the guards. The guard pulled away.

If he wrote it, when did he write it? Among his followers many believe Johnny experienced his epiphany within the singular instant of his electrocution. And in that high-voltage moment of "swirling ice white light" he was transported to a world beyond the boundaries of time and space. When he completed his work, he was returned to this world.

The fact remains that on December 29, 1992, Johnathan Glynn was executed by the State of Florida, his body interred at the prison graveyard.

JOHNATHAN JOHN GLYNN
BORN JULY 7, 1964
DIED
DECEMBER 29, 1992

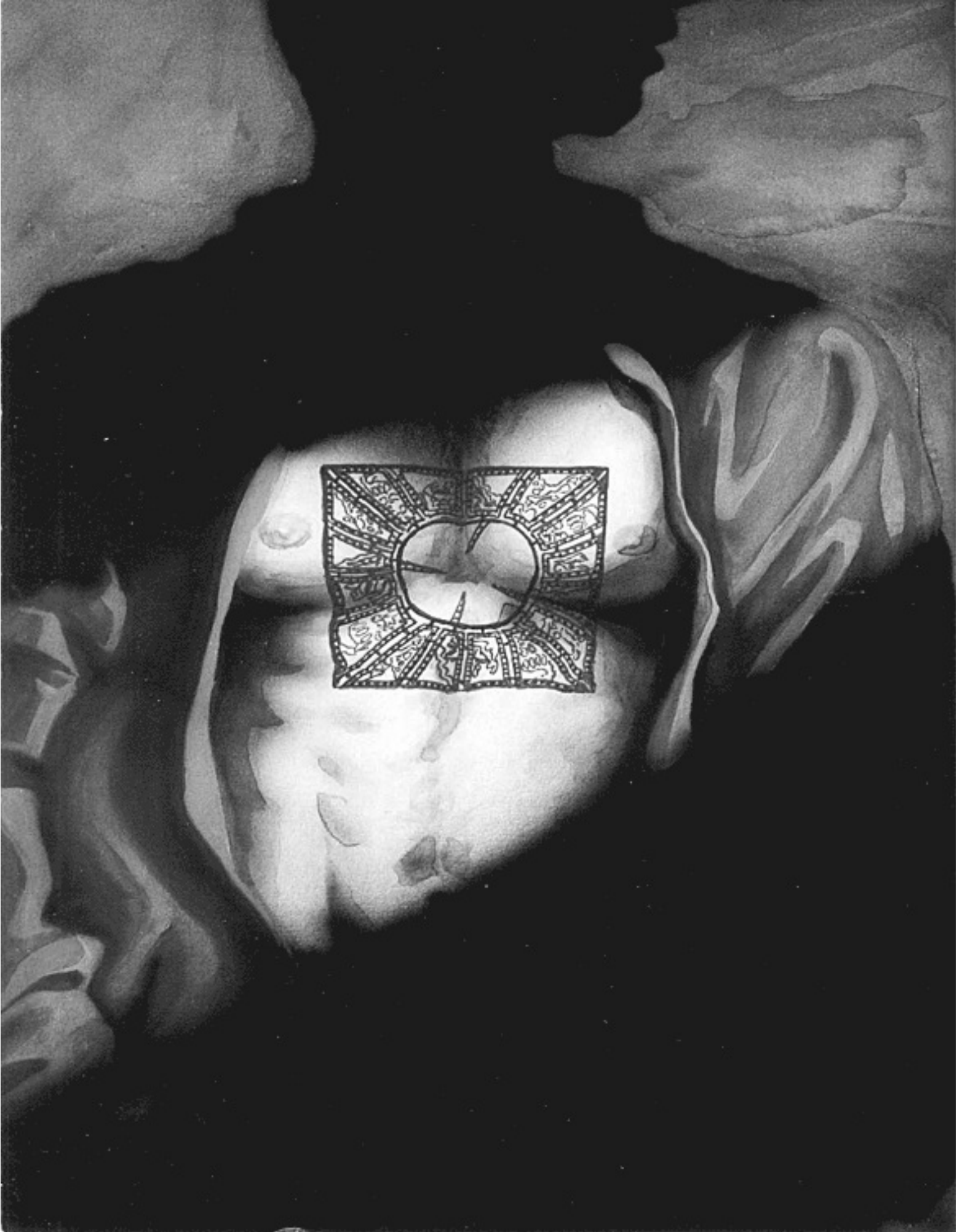
THE END?

Johnny John's warden, Craig Dubner, believes the book to be nothing more than a cry for attention. He calls the "predictions" broad guesswork, claiming that the book was written before hand and smuggled into the cell.

"You have to understand who Johnny John was. He was a man obsessed by fame and attention. And when he couldn't acquire it through his art, he acquired it by committing a heinous murder. Our psychological profiles of Johnny show he was driven most by the idea that he could become immortal through his work. He was a sick man."

However the most significant piece of evidence came during his execution in the form of a bizarre burn mark on his chest. A box with precise geometric lines inside, the exact same pattern on page 19 of his book. No ink was found beneath his skin and the burn was generally left unexplained.

Did Johnny John, driven by his own psychosis, orchestrate the events up to his death as a desperate attempt for immortality? Or was Johnny John a prophet, the chosen harbinger of the Apocalypse? There is only one way to solve the secret of Johnny John's Revelations, as his growing number of followers tell us. Wait.

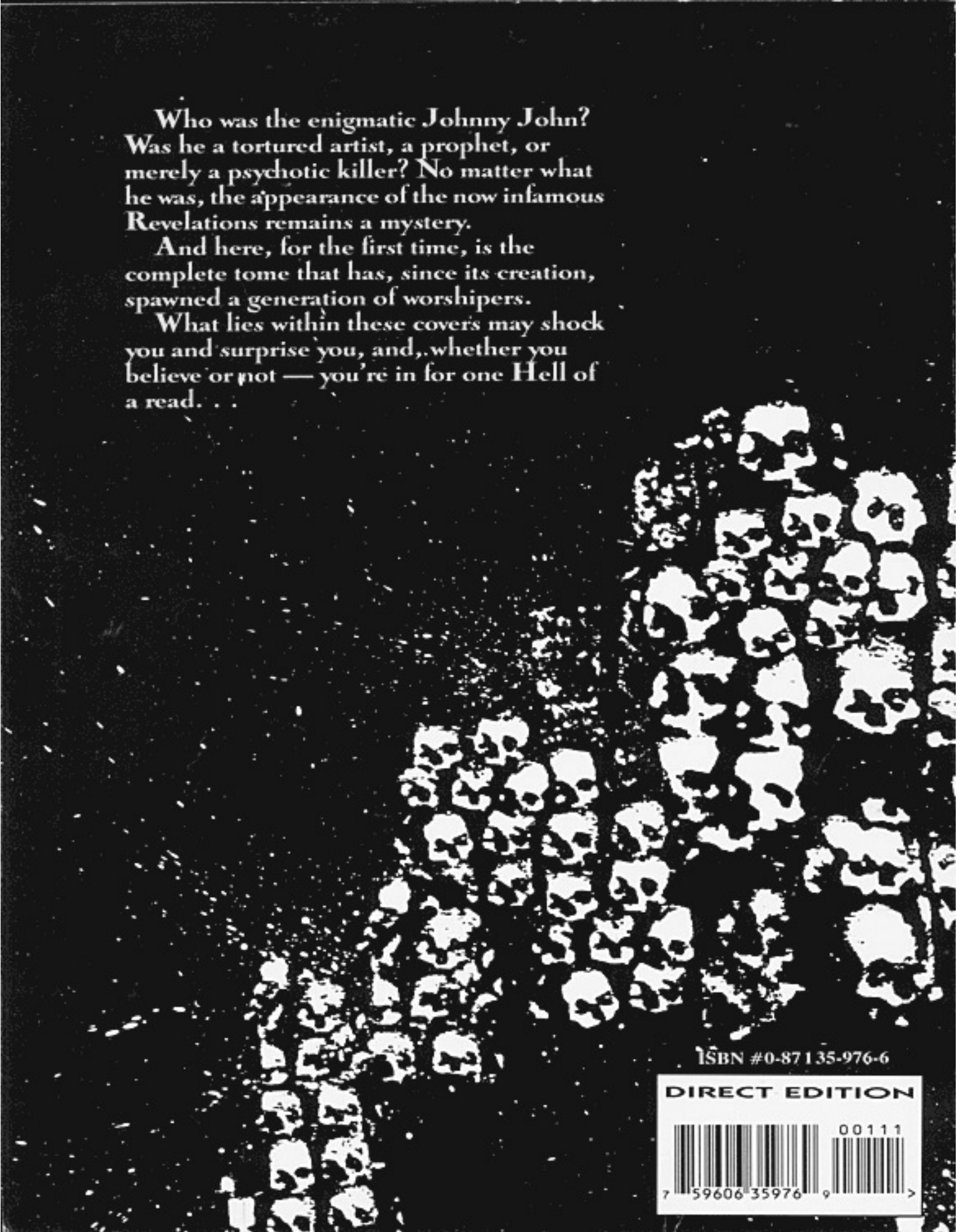


David Wohl
Damned
Carl Potts
Executive Damned
Tom DeFalco
Damned in Chief
Chris Rood
Near Damned
Melisa Danon
Tortured
Dan Carr
Damned Cowboys Fan

Who was the enigmatic Johnny John? Was he a tortured artist, a prophet, or merely a psychotic killer? No matter what he was, the appearance of the now infamous Revelations remains a mystery.

And here, for the first time, is the complete tome that has, since its creation, spawned a generation of worshipers.

What lies within these covers may shock you and surprise you, and,.whether you believe or not — you're in for one Hell of a read. . .



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